MARVEL COMICS
THE FALL OF THE HAMMER
PART 1 OF 5
SPIDER-MAN 2099
$1.25 US
$1.60 CAN
16
FEB
UK 95p
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DIRECT EDITION
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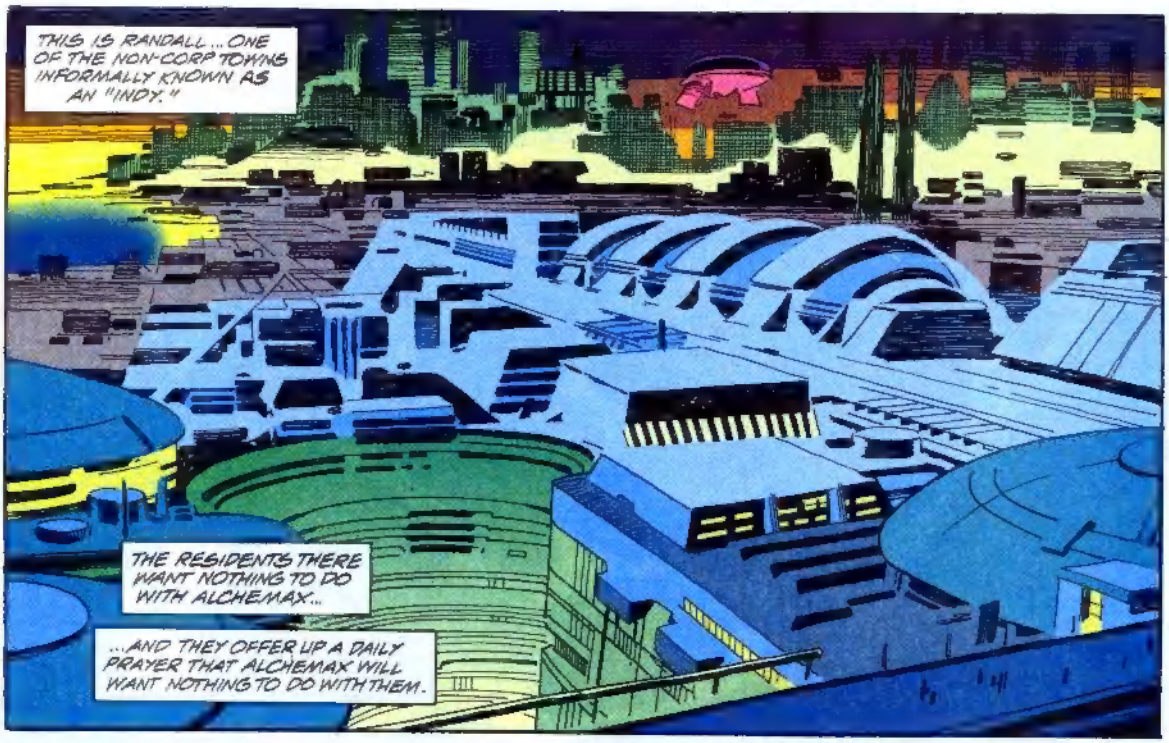
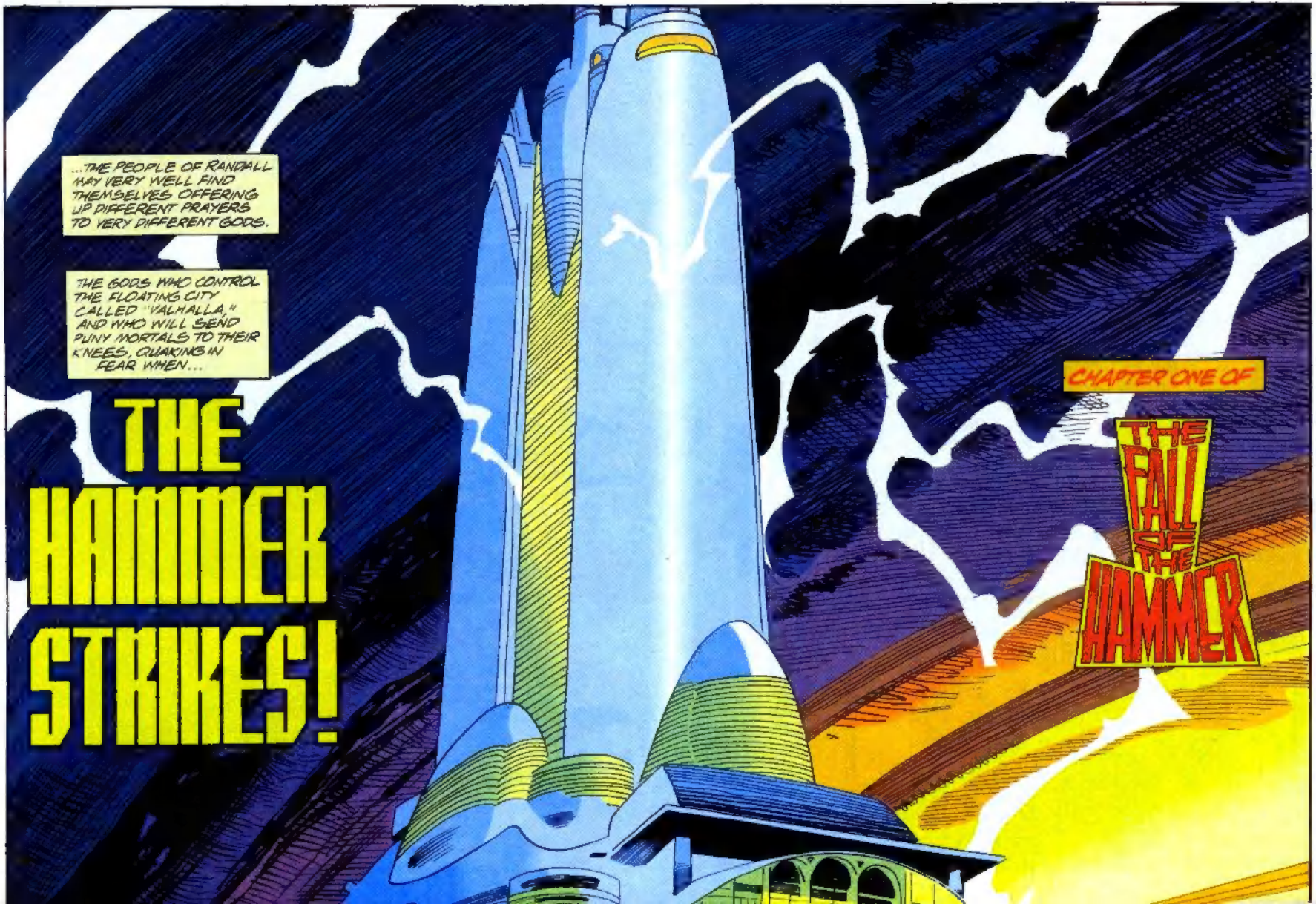
7 59606 01165 0


THIS IS RANDALL ... ONE OF THE NON-CORP TOWNS INFORMALLY KNOWN AS AN "INDY."
THE RESIDENTS THERE WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH ALCHEMAX...
...AND THEY OFFER UP A DAILY PRAYER THAT ALCHEMAX WILL WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH THEM.

SPIDER-MAN 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 16, February, 1994. (ISSN #1067-5116) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.25 per copy in the U.S. and $1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $15.00 U.S., $27.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add $8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SPIDER-MAN 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN 2099, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 8TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PRINTED IN USA.**


...THE PEOPLE OF RANDALL MAY VERY WELL FIND THEMSELVES OFFERING UP DIFFERENT PRAYERS TO VERY DIFFERENT GODS.
THE GODS WHO CONTROL THE FLOATING CITY CALLED "VALHALLA," AND WHO WILL SEND PUNY MORTALS TO THEIR KNEES, QUAKING IN FEAR WHEN...
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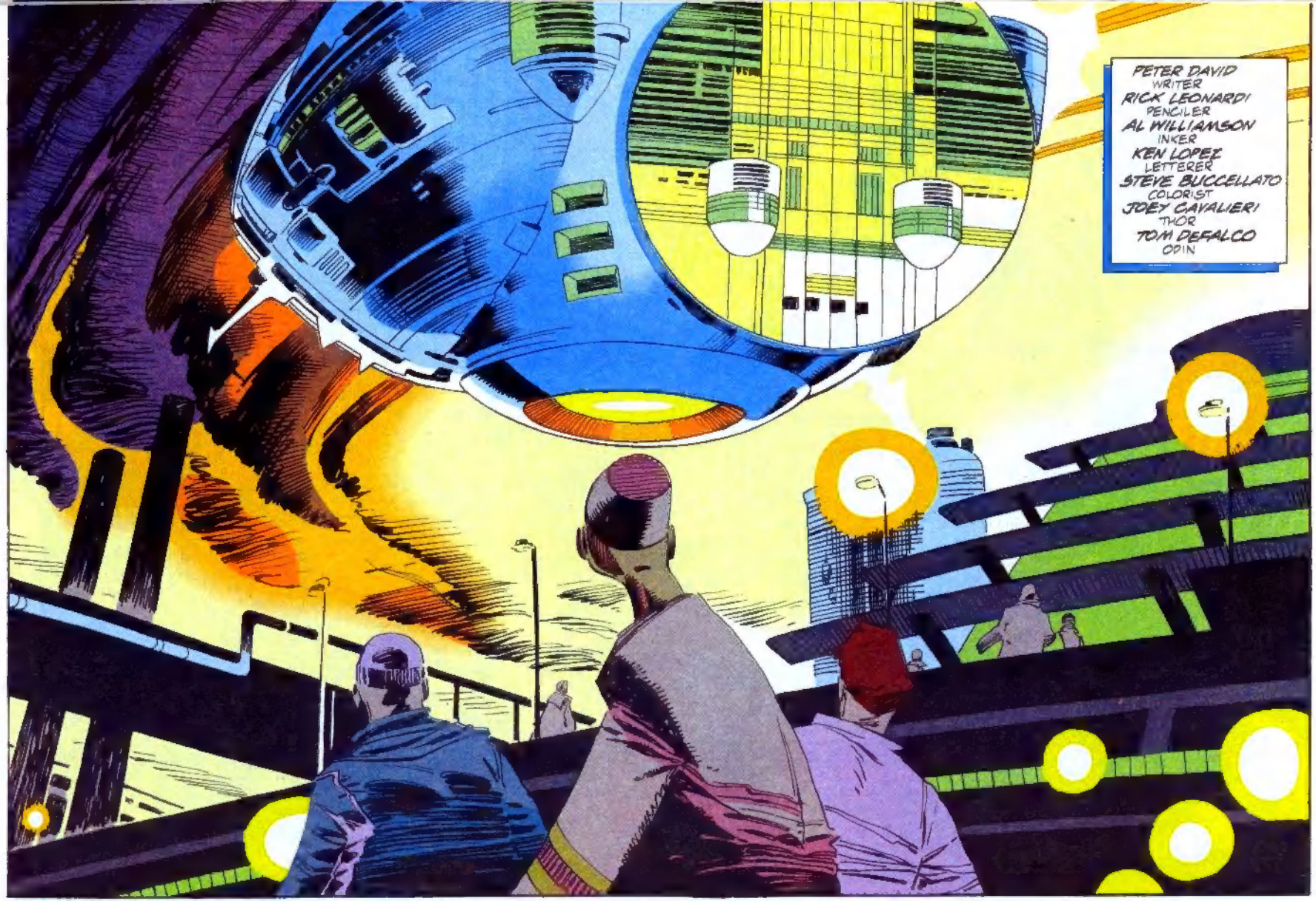
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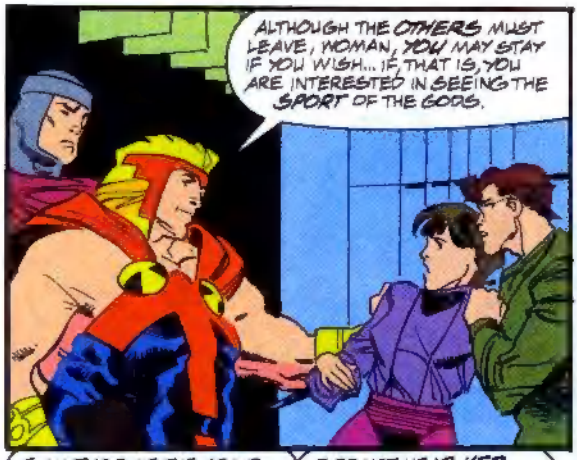
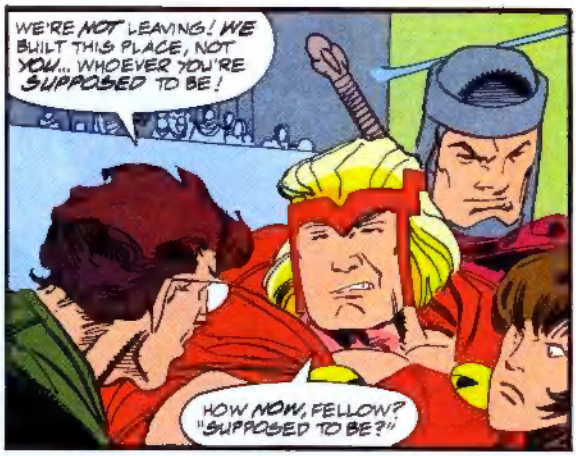
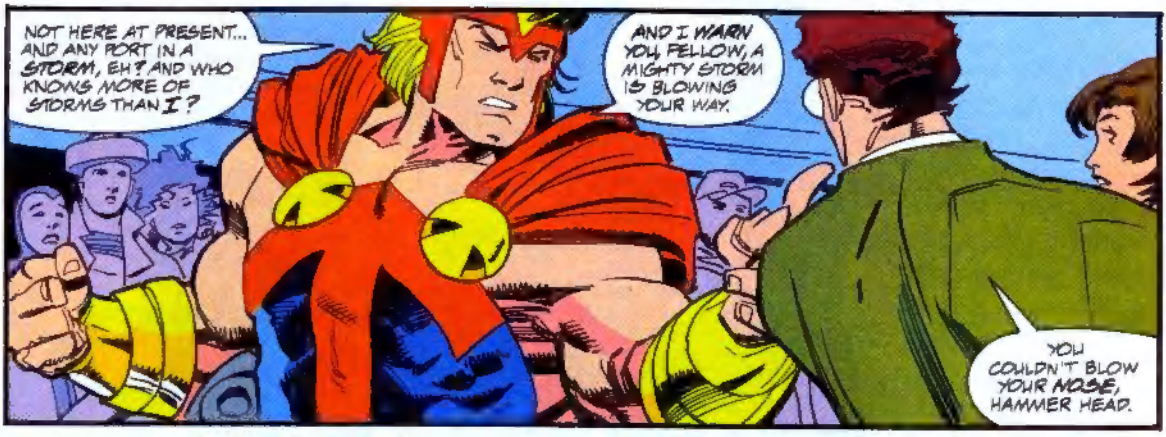
AND, IN VALHALLA...
THIS IS THE PLACE OF THE AESIR! THIS IS THE PLACE THAT IS DECREED TO US!
A SELECT FEW WILL REMAIN, TO ACT AS SENTINELS... FOR WE MUST ALWAYS REMAIN VIGILANT LEST RAGNAROK TAKE US UNAWARES.
AS FOR THE REST OF YOU, HEIMDALL WILL LEAD YOU TO A PLACE OF DEPARTURE BEFORE ASSUMING HIS WATCHFUL DUTIES OF...
WELL, WELL! A COMELY WENCH IF EVER I SAW ONE.
AGREEST THOU, HEIMDALL?
AS YOU SAY, LORD THOR.

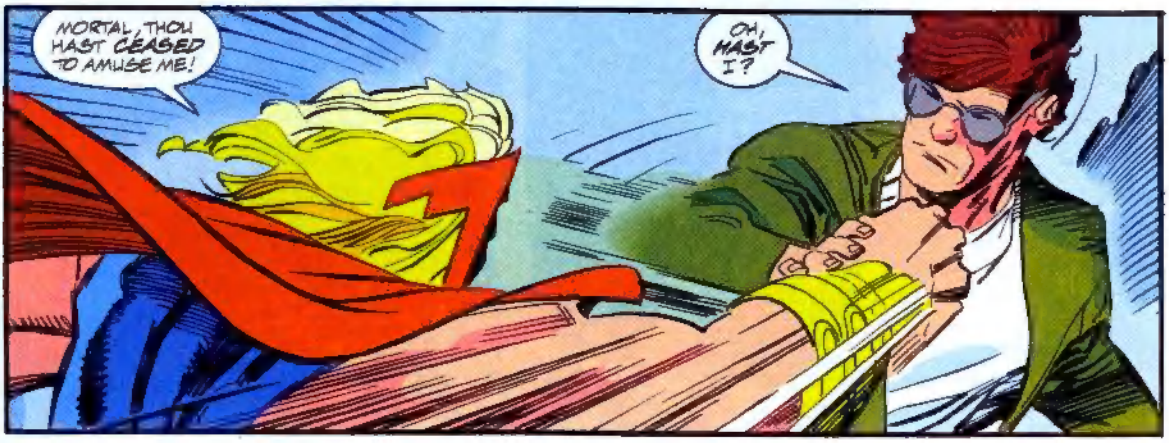

ALTHOUGH THE OTHERS MUST LEAVE, WOMAN, YOU MAY STAY IF YOU WISH... IF, THAT IS, YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SEEING THE SPORT OF THE GODS.

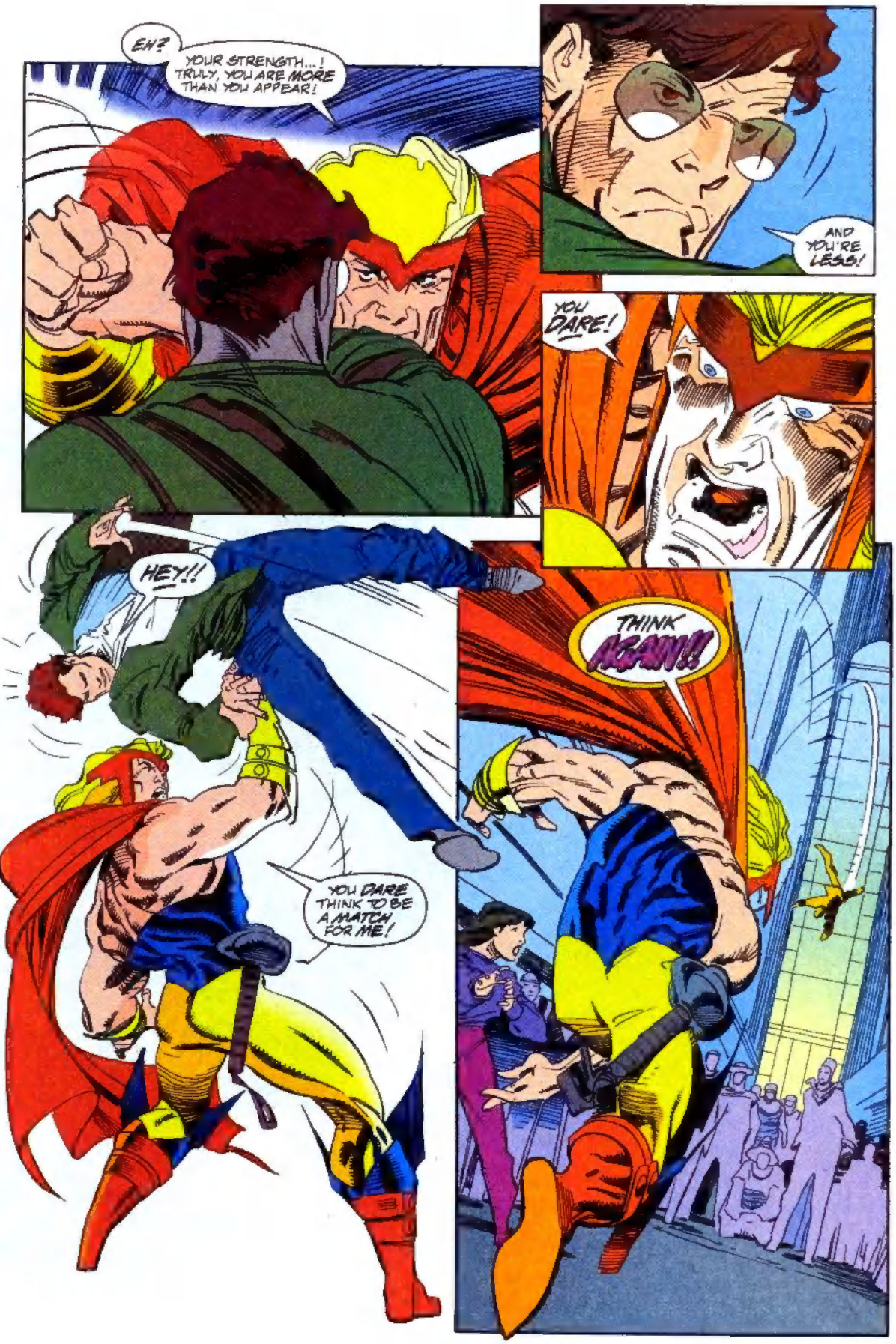

WE'RE NOT LEAVING! WE BUILT THIS PLACE, NOT YOU... WHOEVER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!
HOW NOW, FELLOW? "SUPPOSED TO BE?"

I AM THOR OF THE AESIR, PUP. WE TAKE WHAT WE WISH.
I DO NOT HEAR HER PROTEST... ONLY YOU. AND YOU ARE AS NOTHING.

OH, REALLY? SO IF YOU'RE THOR, WHERE'S SIF?


NOT HERE AT PRESENT... AND ANY PORT IN A STORM, EH? AND WHO KNOWS MORE OF STORMS THAN I?
AND I WARN YOU, FELLOW, A MIGHTY STORM IS BLOWING YOUR WAY.
YOU COULDN'T BLOW YOUR NOSE, HAMMER HEAD.


MORTAL, THOU HAST CEASED TO AMUSE ME!
OH, HAST I?


EH?
YOUR STRENGTH...! TRULY, YOU ARE MORE THAN YOU APPEAR!
AND YOU'RE LESS!
YOU DARE!
HEY!!
THINK AGAIN!!
YOU DARE THINK TO BE A MATCH FOR ME!

YOU MONSTER! YOU KILLED HIM!!! YOU--!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH YOUR LOVING, JUDEO-CHRISTIAN GODS.
WE AESIR ARE NOT GODS FOR THE SOFT UNDISCIPLINED MASSES!
WE ARE GODS FOR MEN!
FOR THOSE WHO WORSHIP THAT WHICH IS TRULY GREAT! AND WE DO NOT APPRECIATE UNGRATEFUL FEMALES!
...LEAVE!
ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS! YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF US!
WE SHALL SEEK OUT THOSE WHO ARE! IN THE MEANTIME, ALL OF YOU...

AARRHH!!
OOF!
FWIMM
OHHH, MY ACHING BACK!
DANA'S GOING TO BE CRAZY WITH WORRY... BUT IF I GO BACK AS MAGNIEL, THOR WILL JUST KICK THE SNOT OUT OF ME.
SPIDER-MAN, ON THE OTHER HAND, CAN PRY THOR'S HAM-HANDS OFF DANA... AND THEN SOME.
SHOCK! WE'RE HEADING TOWARDS NEW YORK! I WONDER IF THAT'S COINCIDENCE, OR "DIVINE GUIDANCE".

THE WELLVALE HOME....
THE FULL-TIME RESIDENCE FOR CONCHATA O'HARA, THE MOTHER OF MIGUEL AND GABRIEL O'HARA.
FULL TIME... UNTIL NOW.
UNHH!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR.
BUT IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US.

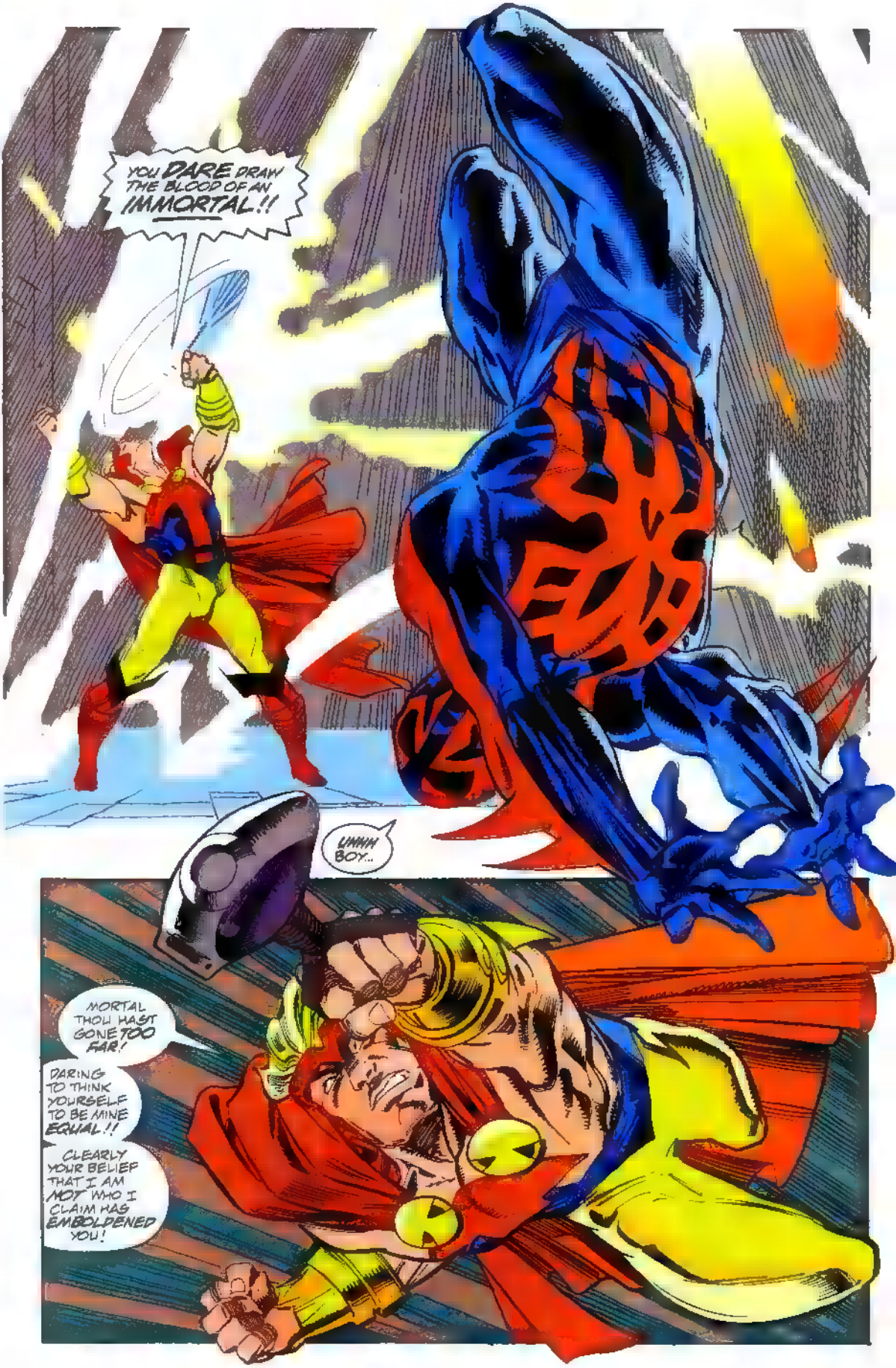
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... SOB... MIGUEL... HE...
STOP YOUR WHINING, LADY. IF NOT FOR YOU MAKING HIM MAD, THOR MIGHT'VE LET US STAY!
HE WAS TRYING TO BE NICE, AND YOU BLEW HIM OFF. WHAT'S A GOD SUPPOSED TO DO?
HE'S NOT A GOD, YOU MORON! HOW COULD YOU BE SO...?
OHHH, MIGUEL...
I HEAR THE WOMAN SAYING SHE BELIEVES IS NOT TO BE GODS.
PERHAPS I SHOULD SMITE HER DROP VEHICLE FOR SUCH CALUMNY.
WHAT SAYEST THOU, HEIMDALL? YEA OR NAY?

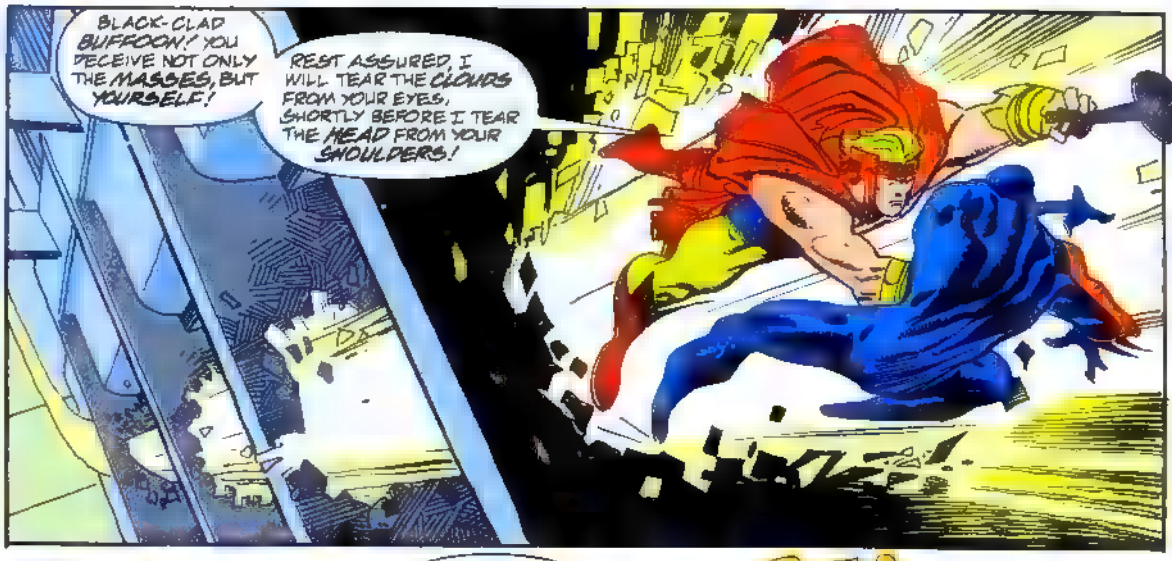
ALL RIGHT, "GODS." WHERE'S THE WOMAN!?
WELL, WELL, WELL. THE INSOLENT FOOL WHO HAD THE NERVE TO PRESENT HIMSELF TO THE MASSES AS THE HARBINGER OF THOR.
AS IF THOR NEEDS ANY HARBINGER OTHER THAN THE RAGING STORM OR HIS MIGHTY HAMMER.
YOU SEEK THE WOMAN, EH? SHE IS GONE. DEPARTED WITH THE REST OF THE SHEEP THAT BLEATED IN THIS CITY.
GONE?
OH.
WELL... FINE. I'LL BE GOING, THEN.
I DARESAY YOU WILL.

GOING TO HEL!!
A BURNT OFFERING TO HELA, WHEN SHE JOINS US AMON!
HEIMDALL! BRING HIM DOWN!
FAITH, HE IS A QUICK ONE, MILORD! BUT THE GREAT SWORD MOFUND WILL LAY HIM LOW!

GOTTA
TIME
THIS
JUST
RIGHT!
HE DARES LAY MORTAL HAND ON SACRED HOFUND!
HE IS AUDACIOUS, THIS ONE! RELEASE YOUR MENTAL COMMAND OF YOUR SWORD, HEIMDALL.
IF HE WOULD WIELD THE BLADE [redacted] A GOD...
... LET US SEE IF HE FIGHTS LIKE ONE!

IN A WAY I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL, MORTAL!
THIS MILD BATTLE WITH AN ADEQUATE FOE...
...SERVES TO KEEP ME IN FIGHTING FORM...
...SHOULD ANY REAL OPPONENTS HAPPEN BY.
HA! DISARMED! YOU ARE HELPLESS, SPIDER-MAN!
FWIP!
AND YOU ARE PREMATURE, YOU HIGHBROW HOAX
ACKK!
YOU... DARE!

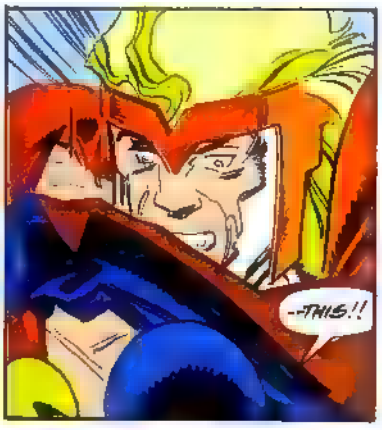

YOU DARE DRAW THE BLOOD OF AN IMMORTAL!!
UHHH BOY...
MORTAL THOU HAST GONE TOO FAR!
DARING TO THINK YOURSELF TO BE MINE EQUAL!!
CLEARLY YOUR BELIEF THAT I AM NOT WHO I CLAIM HAS EMBOLDENED YOU!

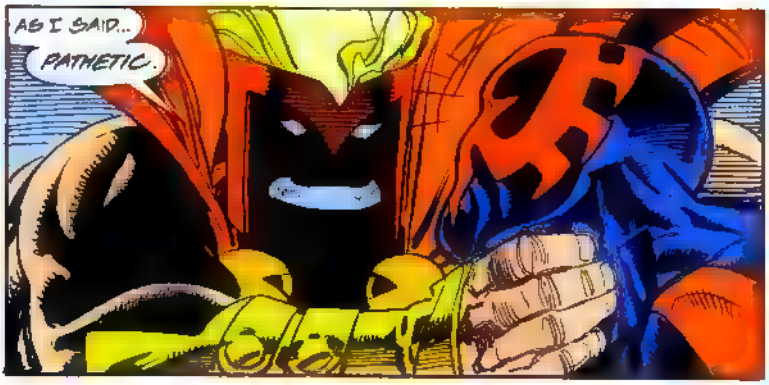

BLACK-CLAD BUFFOON! YOU DECEIVE NOT ONLY THE MASSES, BUT YOURSELF!
REST ASSURED, I WILL TEAR THE CLOUDS FROM YOUR EYES, SHORTLY BEFORE I TEAR THE HEAD FROM YOUR SHOULDERS!

UNDERSTAND THIS: I AM THOR!
AND YOU ARE MERELY ONE WHO AGGRANDIZED HIMSELF WITH OUR NAME AND POWER, SOUGHT TO [redacted] LINKED WITH US...

THAT'S NOT TRUE! PEOPLE DECIDED ON THEIR OWN... I DIDN'T...
YOU SEEK TO ABSOLVE YOURSELF OF RESPONSIBILITY? HOW PATHETIC.
I AM A FORGIVING GOD, TRUE, BUT ALSO AN ANGRY ONE. AND UNTIL MY WRATH IS ASSUAGED...

ASSUAGE--


--THIS!!


AS I SAID...
PATHETIC.

OOOFF!
KNOW YOU THIS, "HARBINGER"...
I HAVE ONLY SLAIN A HANDFUL OF MORTALS IN MY TIME.
FORMIDABLE ENEMIES, TO BE SURE.
AND YOU ARE NOT WORTHY TO BE NUMBERED AMONG THEM.
FAREWELL, OH HARBINGER OF THOR!
FAREWELL, HERO OF THE MASSES.
LET YOUR BELOVED FOLLOWERS OBSERVE WHAT IS LEFT OF YOU... THAT THEY MIGHT APPRECIATE THE WRATH OF A TRUE GOD...
KE-RASH
...AGAINST THOSE WHO WOULD ACT IN HIS NAME WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION.
WHERE DIDST THOU SEND HIM, MILORD?
OLD HAUNTS. A PLACE OF PUBLIC HUMILIATION, SO THAT THIS HARBINGER NONSENSE CAN BE ENDED ONCE AND FOR ALL.

COME, FAITHFUL HEIMDALL. MJOLNIR SHALL RETURN ANON. LET US PREPARE FOR THE COMING OF THE OTHERS.
UNHHH...
COME :UNNNHH= C'MON...
GET... OFFFFFF... :UNHHH=

...OFFF...
ME!!!
STILL MOVING... LIKE CRAZY... HEADING DOWNTOWN AGAIN...
NEED A WEB CHUTE... SLOW ME DOWN...
...WITHOUT RIPPING ARMS..FROM SOCKETS...
C'MON MIGGY... HOLD ON... YOU CAN...
OOOOFF!
ACKKK!!
HUNH
HUNH
WELL... HUNH...
THAT... COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.
AWW SHOCK...

OKAY, LYLA! WHERE IS HE?!
HELLO, GABRIEL. YOUR PULSE IS ACCELERATED. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED DEEP BREATHING EXERCISES? OR PERHAPS A CRULLER?
I SAID, WHERE'S MIGUEL?!
MIGUEL'S LAST KNOWN DESTINATION IS THE FLOATING CITY. I DO NOT KNOW HIS PRESENT LOCATION. YOU REALLY SHOULD TRY A CRULLER. THEY'RE QUITE GOOD.
NO THANKS. I'LL WAIT FOR HIM, BECAUSE MY BROTHER AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE WORDS.
DON'T YOU ALREADY HAVE WORDS? THE CRULLERS ARE FRESHLY BAKED, BY THE WAY.
I DON'T WANT A CRULLER! I WANT TO HAVE IT OUT WITH MIGUEL ONCE AND FOR ALL!
AND I DON'T NEED SOME STUPID HOLO-AGENT TRYING TO SHOVE CRULLERS DOWN MY--
LISTEN, YOU INGRATE, MIGUEL'S NOT HERE, WHICH MEANS YOU'RE A GUEST AT MY SUFFERANCE, AND IF YOU GIVE ME ANY GRIEF I'LL HAVE SECURITY DROIDS COME IN HERE, RIP OUT YOUR INTESTINES, AND SHOVE 'EM DOWN YOUR THROAT!
NOW DO YOU WANT A SHOCKIN' CRULLER OR NOT?!?
UHHH... OKAY.
ALL RIGHT, GABRIEL, COMING UP.
AND MAYBE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE?
SOUNDS GREAT!

OYYY.
GETTING CLOBBERED I CAN DEAL WITH... BUT KNOCKING A BURNT-OUT BUILDING ON TOP OF ME... THAT'S REALLY OVERKILL...
NOW...I'M ANNOYED... AND I'M GOING TO SHOW HIM JUST HOW ANNOYED I AM...
...IN A COUPLE OF DAYS... WHEN I CAN MOVE.
OKAY, BUDDY...

DON'T MOVE.
DON'T WORRY.
FALL OF THE HAMMER CONTINUES IN RAVAGE 2099 #15!
NEXT ISSUE: SPIDEY LANDS DOWNTOWN WHERE HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A "NEW" OLD FOE!